


THE **Quill**

**A MAGAZINE FOR
WRITERS, EDITORS,
AND PUBLISHERS**



**Newspapermen and the Pacific
Asian Crisis**

By Upton Close

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As They View It • The Book Beat • After Deadline

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As They View It

Newspapers and the Stock Market

A DOZEN or so years ago all the financial news that any paper got over its wire service amounted to two or three columns a day, if that. Today the wire services send the entire detailed stock table every day—and most of the papers print it.

"I do not suggest that it is either right or wrong to encourage gambling. I am only trying to suggest that that is what the elaborate system of market reporting inevitably does.

"If I were going to criticise newspapers at all in this respect it would not be for printing the news of what went on in the bull market. I would rather commend them for their enterprise. My criticism would be that they, their financial editors, their responsible owners and publishers, did not seem to make their readers realize that a bull market cannot keep on going up. They didn't give enough or sufficiently emphatic warning of what was coming. They did not make it clear that, as the late Francis D. Carley used to say: 'Stocks don't go up, they're put up.' They knew, but they did not tell, how the big pools that were formed by the insiders kept putting prices higher and higher until their promoters had unloaded, and then pulled out the peg and let them drop. In other words the newspapers knew that the speculating public was being taken for a ride, but didn't inform the public how that was being done.

"There is a law in New York against circulating false rumors affecting business and investments. But it is a law that seems to work only one way. A newspaper or an individual can get into a lot of trouble by casting doubt upon the value of any security—provided the suggestion is that it isn't worth what is being asked for it. But the circulation of false rumors indicating that a stock is worth *more* than the market price is regarded as highly commendable in a bull market. And it is only in bull markets that the public gambles.

"I realize that the newspaper that tries to soft-pedal a bull market is open to the charge of trying to crab the game; also that it stands to lose a lot of profitable financial advertising. And I don't imagine for a minute it would have kept anybody from gambling if the papers of the United States had been as unanimous, during the big bull market on the Stock Exchange, in either ignoring or deprecating it, as the papers of the North were in soft-pedaling the Florida real-estate boom that blew up just as the stock-market boom was getting into its stride. They couldn't keep the suckers out of Florida, and there isn't any way to keep suckers out of any other game that promises wealth without work.

"It is easy enough to say, after the event, that newspaper men ought to have foreseen and appraised at least the more obvious forces that were at work to destroy the false edifice of prosperity and optimism. One didn't have to be very smart, after Mr. Balfour's pronouncement on the subject, to feel reasonably certain that Europe eventually would repudiate her war debts to America. It didn't take such a massive brain to estimate pretty closely the date when the market for luxuries would reach the saturation point. No great ability as an economist was required to dope out the conclusion that a government cannot double or quadruple its expenditures without doubling or quadrupling its taxes. All those things were happening while the bull market was still climbing and the orgy of speculation was at its height. The crash was bound to come, and I am inclined to indorse Ed Levre's pronouncement that the newspapers must accept their share of the blame."—Frank Parker Stockbridge, Editor, *The American Press*.

THE QUILL

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A Magazine for Writers, Editors, and Publishers

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WHEN THE TITANIC SANK!

How Vivid Accounts of the Disaster Were Gathered
From Survivors Aboard the Rescue Ship, *Carthia*

AT noon Thursday, April 11, 1912, the R. M. S. *Carpathia* sailed from New York for Naples. My wife, since deceased, and I were passengers in the second cabin, having planned a brief traversing of the time-honored grand tour, from Naples to Liverpool. We had meant to go abroad the *Berlin*, a new and fast German ship in the Mediterranean service, but the *Berlin* had been chartered for the mid-April trip and we had taken the small and slow Cunarder instead.

It was a late spring, after an extremely hard winter. In St. Louis, lawns had been covered with snow until a few days before our departure on Easter Sunday. The first three days at sea were clear and chilly. By Sunday, we were beginning to diverge from the North Atlantic track toward the Pillars of Hercules.

No one but a Polar explorer could have been much farther from the world than the *Carpathia's* passengers were that Sunday. The time was an eventful one. The Mississippi river was in flood and raging through the South. The Secretary of State was touring Central America; the Pennsylvania coal miners were striking; the Irish home-rule bill was pending, and the forces which were soon to split the Republican party were lining up. But, until we reached Gibraltar, none of the world's worries would reach us. Our wireless was a small affair, which could communicate with land only by relaying its messages through larger ships. Its limited facilities were in the care of one operator, who had no

By CARLOS F. HURD

Editorial Department,
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

substitute. When he slept, or for any reason took off his headpiece, the *Carpathia* was out of any possible touch with the world. In three days we had seen but one ship.

The latest newspapers on board were the New York papers of Thursday morning. These carried extended news accounts of the sailing from Southampton, Wednesday, the tenth, of the new White Star liner *Titanic*, sister ship of the *Olympic*, but finer, and, it was believed, faster than the *Olympic*. The passenger list was one of unusual distinction.

SUNDAY night, April 14, was clear and cold. Monday morning I awoke to find the sun shining in my face, a thing which, owing to the ship's direction, had not happened before. I realized the startling fact that the ship was standing still.

Outside, toward the sun, lay a low jagged line of shimmering white. I half dressed and started out of my stateroom. There came the sound of wailing, deep and prolonged, from the other side of the ship, the port side. In the hallway I met a stewardess, leading two weeping and bedraggled women. She hardly paused for my questions.

"The *Titanic* has gone down. We are taking on her passengers," she said. I returned to the room to finish

dressings and to tell my wife what had happened.

Thursday morning's *World* lay on the shelf. I tore out the story of the *Titanic's* sailing, with the list of prominent passengers, and thrust it into my pocket as I went out again. On the port side, the last of the lifeboats from the sunken ship was being cleared of its shivering occupants. The unloading process had begun while the *Carpathia's* passengers slept.

THE ordinary restrictions of the second cabin were forgotten as I hurried to the front of the ship. Women and children were being taken into the saloon-library; men who had heavy coats were still on deck. Near the bow, I approached a pair of men who seemed more composed than the rest. I told them that I was connected with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

"How's my friend Billy Steigers?" said one of the men. He proved to be a buyer from a St. Louis department store, a friend of the business manager of the paper, about whom he had inquired. He and the other man, survivors of the *Titanic*, told me what they had seen of the disaster.

These two had been up late Sunday night, one on deck, the other in the smoking room, when the ship, making 23 knots an hour, had struck the iceberg. They had seen, from different places, the rush of passengers to the decks, the lowering of lifeboats upon the glassy and starlit sea.

They had heard some refuse to get into lifeboats, saying that the ship was unsinkable, that it was silly to be

panicky. They had seen others get into boats in a spirit of half jest. They had entered boats about to be lowered, where there was room for them. They had seen indifference grow to alarm and terror as the lighted ship began listing heavily, then unmistakably to sink. They had seen men, wearing lifebelts, jump into the icy water. They had seen some, the most robust, swim to the boats and clamber in where there was possible room for another person.

From a distance created by vigorous rowing, they saw the breaking and sinking of the ship. After it had disappeared, the lifeboats had drawn together and moved in the direction from which, after daybreak, the rescuing *Carpathia* appeared.

"All I saved," said the St. Louis man, "was what I had in my pocket. That included this list of the *Titanic's* passengers. Take it. I want it back, but you may mark it up as much as you wish."

IN the saloon, unperturbed English stewards were bringing hot coffee to the chilled refugees. Most of these were women, and women of refinement. Even then, the poorer women had found their way to the rear of the ship and the steerage spaces.

It was a scene of utter despair and misery. Some women were sobbing, others sat bowed in silence, still others were asking frantically for or about their husbands, whom they had left on the sinking ship.

A young woman, herself one of the rescued, talked in a comforting tone to some of the others, and calmed them. She was a private teacher, who a few years before had been instructor to President Roosevelt's younger children in the White House. When there was opportunity to speak with her, I asked her about Capt. Archie Butt, noted Washington social figure, and President Taft's emissary to the Vatican, who was listed among the *Titanic's* passengers.

She had no news of him, but she, and other women in the room, who seemed to find relief in the recital, told of the Strauses, the aged couple who had remained at the ship's rail

together, refusing to be parted after their long union; of the farewell of John Jacob Astor to his young wife; and of the conflicting reports as to Capt. Smith, who, however, had not been saved.

VACATION bound aboard the R. M. S. *Carpathia*, 20 years ago, Carlos F. Hurd, now dean of the rewrite desk of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, was plunged into one of the most spectacular news stories of all time, the sinking of the mammoth liner, *Titanic*, when the *Carpathia* turned from her course in response to distress signals from the stricken vessel and raced to her aid.

Urged to set down his experiences in piecing together a story of the disaster from survivors he interviewed aboard the *Carpathia*, Mr. Hurd did so in the accompanying article, written exclusively for *The Quill*.

Mr. Hurd has been a member of the Post-Dispatch staff since 1900, having served as assistant city editor, drama editor and on the rewrite staff. He covered the Dayton, Ohio, flood in 1913 and in 1917 wrote a graphic account of East St. Louis race riot and massacre which was widely copied. He also covered the Mississippi River flood story in 1927.

One woman with whom I talked in the library that morning was the newly-made widow of a popular novelist. Near her was the widow of a Broadway show producer. Two others, who had no personal bereavement to mourn, were the original poster girl of one of the most popular artists of the time, and her mother.

IT was no time to urge unwilling persons to talk, nor was there any temptation, that morning, to do so. There were enough who were willing to talk and who found a certain relief in speech. After that first morning, this ceased to be true in regard to many of the wealthier survivors. As they regained their composure, they regained also their reserve, which some of them did not again break.

I soon learned how fragmentary, and often contradictory, were the individual accounts of the happenings of the night before. Naturally, none of the rescued knew, in more than a general way, the part that the wireless had taken in their rescue. It began to appear that the wireless operator of our own ship, a ruddy English youth whom I had seen in the second cabin dining room, had a most important story to tell. I was so fortunate as to get his story early, before he and the wireless room had been made inaccessible by the captain's order.

He had been sitting in the wireless cabin, wearing his headpiece, long after the usual time, when he had heard the first signals of distress. He

had reported to Capt. Rostron, who had instructed him to get details of the *Titanic's* position. Then the *Carpathia* at once made a left turn toward the North Atlantic track and the *Titanic*, 50 to 60 miles away.

Leaving the wireless room, I met Capt. Rostron. I told him of my newspaper connection and added that it was my duty and intention to send a story, at the first opportunity, to the *New York World*, for its own use, and for transmission to the *Post-Dispatch*.

There was no hesitation about the British captain's answer. He meant to see to it that the rescued persons in his care were not annoyed by press men. Probably I

would be able to pick up some incidents but positively I might not use the wireless. A list of the rescued would be made up and I might see the purser later about copying it.

THE captain's no-wireless ruling was a jolt in the jaw, to put it very mildly. At that moment, it made no difference, for I had just learned from young Cottam, the operator, that we were not in touch with the shore or with any other ship and were not likely to be for more than 24 hours. But when we should get within range of communication, I knew that every paper in New York would besiege the operator with queries and offers and I could hardly imagine that some of them would not get a reply from him.

At the first opportunity, I saw Cottam at table and promised him liberal pay from my funds on hand and later from the *World* if he would get even a short message through for me. His reply showed that the captain's thorough discipline extended to the Marconi service and that no message not expressly authorized by the captain had a chance to go. Attempts to get Capt. Rostron to reverse his ruling were vain, but I was to learn, on getting to New York, that all other efforts to break the wireless embargo had failed likewise. Except for a partial transmission of survivors' names, no news had gone out from the *Carpathia*. Messages filed for me by the *Post-Dispatch* and *World* were

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BLACK SHEEP AND BULLS

A Discussion of the Recently Revealed Unethical Alliance Between Wall Street and Newspapermen

By PAUL J. KERN

RECENTLY I sat at the elbow of the New York liberal, Fiorello La Guardia, in the committee room of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, as he pulled from a trunk exhibits of perfidy and betrayal that placed American journalism decidedly on the defensive.

You know that story by now—how he charged that newspaper financial writers were paid by stock promoters to “rig the market” for certain securities—and it is not my purpose to set forth here the records of the United States Senate.

But the extent and magnitude of this corrupt alliance between brokers and the press is not so well known. Only nine cases were presented by Congressman La Guardia on that Black April 26. In his possession at the time, however, were 52 other cases equally appalling.

These cases came from the files of one of the smallest of all the ballyhoo houses that prosper under such titles as “Economic Research Foundation.” Multiply by a fair figure and you have not the isolated case of a single reporter serving mammon but a nation-wide machine of fraud and deceit that has looted American investors of literally millions of dollars since the up grade started less than a decade ago. And journalists were a vital cog.

NO longer does the brigand wear a mask and carry off the swag in a sack. He sits at the typewriter and writes a financial column for a newspaper. He selects for his ballyhoo the pet of a promoter and manipulator who has “convinced” him with a check.

The editor and copy readers are unable to control his composition. It is absurd to suppose that any newspaper would *deliberately* print such lies. He fools his editor as well as the public. His “news” goes into the highways and byways. Hard working men and women who have saved a few hundred dollars accept his recommendation because they have faith in the newspaper that prints it. In the heart of Wall Street, the arch conspirators are unloading. When

they have unloaded, they let go and the investor loses. In boom times his loss is not much and he is not hurt. In times like this his loss is often devastating and cruel. And while he suffers, the “system” fares forth in another heartless foray. The writer is again “convinced” by the usual means and the public again pays.

If you doubt that the evidence fully supports this generalization of the machine look into the printed records of the Senate hearings of April 26. “Here are the stories; here are the clippings; here are the checks!”

THE human suffering that has been caused by this plundering of the public is beyond compute. I have had to read during recent weeks literally hundreds of letters from the victims, any one of which would leave one heartsick. It was not speculators alone who were caught in the net. It was investors as well. “Bonds” have been “moved” by these means as well as common stocks. Conservative men have been fleeced and elderly women with no gambling instincts have been swept into the maw. Financial writers have called third mortgages “collateral trusts” and second mortgages “general mortgages” to help the

ASSOCIATED with Congressman La Guardia in Washington, Paul J. Kern has been closely connected with the investigation made by the New York liberal into stock-market operations.

Mr. Kern is a former student at the University of Michigan, where, for a time, he was editor of The Michigan Daily. He was graduated from the law school at Columbia University last February, having specialized in legislation. He went to Washington on a graduate research fellowship furnished by Thomas I. Parkinson, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York. He plans eventually to teach legislation in a law school after gaining a first-hand insight into activities in Washington.

At one time, he was associated with the Detroit Saturday Night, a weekly paper.

scheme along. Racketeers of the Capone type have guided the affairs of really important corporations into the hands of the manipulators and promoters in the past few years. Confidential information of all sorts has leaked from the floor of the exchanges and into the hands of gamblers and crooks. And in all this retrogression of public markets the newspaper man has had a part.

Now what can be done? To talk education of investors is nonsense in the face of the fact that the sources of information are often polluted by the employment of unscrupulous corporation accountants. What legislation will follow this investigation is difficult to say, since when investigations singe the wings of powerful interests, powerful interests turn to throttle them. La Guardia, fearless and independent though he is, is not in control of any congressional funds with which to carry the campaign further. But that does not mean a necessary impasse.

YOU newspapermen are adept at exposing things. Many of the most imposing monuments to American journalism are those erected by the tireless efforts of men who brought into the light of day the reeking rotteness of political or economic corruption. It is impossible that dishonesty in your own offices is not detectable.

Great professional groups in other fields put forth strenuous efforts to purge their ranks of venality. Disbarment is more than a hollow word to the lawyer. Revocation of a license stares the faithless physician in the face. Yet journalists, with vital public trusts, make no similar efforts at either official or unofficial ostracism. Why not?

It is not my purpose to draw comparisons between writers and other professional groups. As an ex-journalist and a member of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, I have been continuously proud of both connections. As a recently produced lawyer I have betimes felt that your criticism of the law of contempt as it stands is not particularly justified, but that is another story and merely shows that your profession is willing to use its facilities for molding the tools of ours. But mutual criticism may be more helpful still. And as an individual, may I criticize your

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THESE NEWSPAPERMEN!

IN most of the plays and stories about newspaper people, the masculine of the species is portrayed as a glamorous, sophisticated young Bohemian who feels an irresistible attachment for his work but who has constituted himself a committee of one to remove from the ranks of working journalists, by the definite route of marriage, any good-looking newspaper woman he happens to meet. The action of the play, having to do usually with murder or politics, always has a sub-theme of idyllic love which ends in the willing resignation of the girl from the staff of her paper and her cheerful assumption of the role of chief egg-and-bacon fryer for the star reporter of a rival sheet.

It is all very touching but about as truthful as "East Lynne."

The one thing that happens most rarely among newspaper people is that they fall in love with each other. Oh, it does happen—occasionally—but then it is in spite of the fact that both are in the same business. And both continue to be in the same business after they are married, even if it means no eggs and bacon.

THERE is nothing very romantic in the association of newspaper reporters. How could there be? Have they not seen each other early in the morning and late at night, looking tired, bedraggled and worried? Have they not split the bills in speakeasies, fought for the use of telephones, carried on joint interviews for weeks, months, years? They borrow money from each other, tell each other how terrible they look and feel, share inside tips on stories, and confide the secrets of their hearts during those long waits for verdicts in trials or the deaths of famous men.

These things make for friendship, solid and lasting friendship, but not for romance.

By DOROTHY DUCAS

Staff Writer,
International News Service

Most newspaper people think each other about as glamorous as a ham sandwich.

THIS will not be read kindly by most newspaper men, I know, for they deliberately nourish the illusion of devil-may-care romance. It is an illusion which makes for success with non-newspaper women. A girl reporter who knows exactly how perilous and thrilling most of newspaper work is *not*, hardly makes a good audience for tales beginning "President Hoover told me—" or "When I was interviewing Greta Garbo." As a matter of fact, a girl reporter would rather be the narrator herself, with some pleased and flattered broker as listener.

Besides, there is so much talk wherever newspaper people gather. Talk, talk, talk. It is interesting conversation some of the time, tale-telling, gossip and stuff and nonsense the rest. Talk is a newspaper reporter's

greatest vice, although he would rather have you think it is drink. Oceans of words just drown any atom of allure between the sexes.

No, I can't rhapsodize about the gentlemen of the press. They compare favorably with men anywhere else, as individuals, but as a class they hold no special charm.

The one thing I do like about them, and like a whole lot, is their willingness to accept a girl reporter as a co-worker on an equal basis, if she demonstrates that she is actually an equal. In no other business of which I have the slightest knowledge is it as easy to keep an association on a purely business basis.

ASK a newspaper man what he thinks of a newspaper woman and you will get one of two answers. Either, "She's a swell reporter but I never could go for her as a woman." Or, "She's a nice little girl but she doesn't know a good story when she falls over it." Members of the newspaper profession always regard each other in a dual capacity. First, as craftsmen. Then, as people.

No reporter has respect for another reporter, regardless of sex, unless he respects the other's judgment, his skill. The highest praise a reporter can heap on a pal is "He does a swell job!" If he does a swell job, he is apt to be thought a pretty swell person.

That is not quite as true if the reporter happens to be a woman. A girl who does her work thoroughly is usually given ungrudging credit for that. But if she happens to be not very attractive, she is called over-conscientious, a bore—"Just another newspaper woman!" Just as, if she is good-looking and capable, she will be spoken of everywhere she goes as "the best little reporter in — City!"

A Lady of the Press Speaks Up

NEWSPAPERMEN—they deliberately nourish the illusion of devil-may-care romance. It is an illusion which makes for success with non-newspaper women. Talk is a newspaper reporter's greatest vice—although he would rather have you think it is drink. As a class they hold no special charm.

They go out on assignments and send telegrams home. They write letters to their wives. They exhibit photographs of their children. They are as much domestic animals as salesmen or telegraph operators.

These are some of the observations Dorothy Ducas, International News Service Staff writer, makes in the accompanying frank and clever article.

Miss Ducas, a graduate of the Columbia School of Journalism, in 1926, has won a reputation as an all-around reporter, ready to handle any assignment in the day's news. During her last year at Columbia, she worked on the Bergen Evening Record and the New York Herald Tribune. Then, winning a Pulitzer traveling scholarship, she traveled for a year in Europe writing feature material for the Herald Tribune. Then she worked for three months on the London Sunday Express. Returning to the United States, she rejoined the Herald Tribune staff, later going to the New York Evening Post, where, for three years, she was that newspaper's only woman reporter. Then she joined the I. N. S. staff. She is a former associate editor of McCall's magazine. She is married to a young customs broker.

UNFORTUNATELY, a newspaper woman sometimes can get by without the first test of newspaperdom. If a man likes a girl's looks, her manner, her helpless air, he will accept her as a pal even though he does not think she is worth her salt as a reporter. He will do half her work for her, grumbling the while; and will begin shortly after she has left the scene to make general indictments of newspaper women. I have seen it happen time after time. I know it is the practical working of the remnants of chivalry that makes it discourteous for a man to allow a woman to do any difficult task for herself. But it is an outworn practice and it must pass.

I believe there are many excellent women reporters, excellent by the same standards as those applied to men. The majority of them are kept from a full realization of their powers by the help and condescending kindness of their masculine associates.

NOT long ago, I met a well-known reporter on an out-of-town assignment where I happened to be the only girl reporter. He had made a practice of never working with women, but I did not know that. The second day of the story I offered him some notes I had taken on an angle of the story he had not thought of. He took them, with surprise, and after that we worked together on the story, which was a murder trial.

Toward the end of the assignment he told me that I was the first girl he had worked with on an equal basis in 22 years.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because time after time I have given girls stuff and I never have had them give me a thing when they had it to give," he answered. "I am sick and tired of giving without taking, too. You are willing to do both, and I like you for it."

Of course, I was pleased as Punch, but I pressed my curiosity.

"How about So-and-So?" I said. "Isn't she a good reporter, fair and competent?"

He grimaced.

"Oh yes," he said, dryly, "but she has such an obnoxious personality as a woman!"

That was not fair. The girl I had mentioned was clever, experienced and square-shooting. True, she was very plain and blunt. But this man would not have set up a similar standard of personality for a man reporter. Men reporters can be, and often are, poorly dressed, unshaven, unkempt, sometimes ungrammatical,

and are treated as equals by other men reporters. Only the girls have to be presentable.

IN general, I have no complaint about newspaper men. My personal experience with them at work and at play has been uniformly pleasant. One reason for this is that I have made a point of having them regard me as someone willing and capable of doing my own work. I think sometimes I have overemphasized this, in my zeal. But there is a second reason, and one that may sound peculiar, on the face of it. It is because I am happily and permanently married.

Most reporters are married—men reporters, I mean. They go out on assignments and send telegrams home. They write letters to their wives. They exhibit photographs of their children. (Oh, I know this is disastrous to the myth of romance that attaches to newspapermen, but it is true. The photographs of wives and

children I have seen are legion. I am convinced reporters are as much domestic animals as salesmen or telegraph operators. One of the most hardboiled of the clan told me naively the other day he was going to the theater with his "cutest doll." She happened to be his daughter.) Well, I do the same thing!

Being married and having a child, I am on an absolutely equal basis with the men I meet on assignments. Of course, I am not unique in this. There are quite a few married women reporters, and in general they get along better with the men because they are married.

SOMEONE just came up and read over my shoulder.

"So you think we aren't glamorous, eh?" he said. "Are you sure it wasn't just an accident you didn't get sentimental about one of us?"

I thought about that, soberly.

"Perhaps," I answered. "But now it's too late. I know you too well."



DOROTHY DUCAS
"An All-around Reporter"

MAKE YOUR WORDS COUNT

BAD writing, generally speaking, is bad because it dissipates. It wastes itself, wastes its own energy, wastes its own substance, wastes its own force. Bad writing is its own worst enemy.

If dissipation were its only sin we might forgive bad writing; but bad writing injures others than itself. It imposes on its friends. Of its readers bad writing demands much and to them it returns but little. Invoking their attention, it wastes their time. Inviting their confidence, it betrays their trust. Promising them guidance, it leads them astray.

In purpose, bad writing usually is honest enough. Its author, let us concede, conceives a thought, a sound, well-developed, well-rounded thought. In his own mind he realizes that thought; for himself he answers that important question, "What is it that I am trying to say?" Then, when he undertakes to convey that thought in words, he errs in diction. He picks the wrong words. He contents himself with a word that approaches, as Maupassant would say, "very near" to the noun, the verb, the adjective, the adverb he is trying to express. He picks words that mislead, words that dabble and dally, words that befog, words that fall short of his aim. The right word, the precise word, the specific word, the forceful word, the colorful word? Why bother to hunt? The reader will understand!

DISCUSSING the specific, Herbert Spencer wrote this sentence:

"In proportion as the manners, customs and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe."

Then, to demonstrate the efficacy of the specific expression, Spencer rewrote the sentence thus:

"In proportion as men *delight* in *battles*, *bullfights* and *combats* of *gladiators*, will they *punish* by *hanging*, *burning*, and the *rack*."

A newspaper essayist, writing of the origin of the Pullman sleeping car, explains that the car was designed "to reduce the uncomfortable-ness of traveling to a minimum."

He meant that the car was designed "to reduce to a minimum the *discomfort* of traveling."

An industrial engineer, speaking before a society of his fellows, expounds this: "No business concern of any size or complexity can, in a short

By ARTHUR H. LITTLE
Editor, Management Methods

Find the Right Word

WHATEVER the thing you wish to say, there is but one word to express it, but one verb to give it movement, but one adjective to qualify it. We must seek until we find this noun, this verb and this adjective and never be content with getting very near it, never allow ourselves to play tricks, even happy ones, or have recourse to sleight of language to avoid a difficulty."—Maupassant in the preface to his *Pierre and Jean*.

time and without a great deal of hard work, be brought under satisfactory budget control; and great as are the rewards of a successfully established budget control, a great many plants have become discouraged in trying to secure it through a lack of understanding of the time required by its establishment."

He meant: "No *big*, *complex* business concern can be brought under budget control *quickly* and *easily*; and great as are the rewards of a budget control successfully established, many concerns have become discouraged in *striving* for it because they have *underestimated* the time its *establishment requires*."

BEHIND the authorship of bad, inaccurate, indefinite English there is queer psychology. A technical man, say an accountant, will pride himself upon his technical precision. As an accountant he is accuracy personified; never will he misuse or misapply such technical terms as "revolving fund" and "suspense account." Yet when the accountant turns author, when he sits down to write even about accountancy, he will misuse and misapply, unconsciously but repeatedly, the common words that sprinkle the speech of laymen.

Discussing financial reports, a certain author wrote: "A favorable report may have disastrous potentialities for the future, or it may have unsuspected factors that have mitigated

against greater net profits, and a still more favorable condition, in the present."

He meant: "A favorable report *may conceal* disastrous potentialities for the future, or it *may contain* unsuspected factors that have *militated* against greater net profits, and a still more favorable condition, in the present."

Twice, for two of his verbs in that sentence, this writer merely approximated his meaning; with the generic verb "may have" he merely approached the meanings of the specific verbs "may conceal" and "may contain." For the third verb his mind seems to have erred typographically and to have picked "mitigated" when it meant "militated."

RIGHT here our reader interrupts. "Why, of course," he says, "that writer ought to have looked up the word 'mitigate.' He used a word somewhat unusual; he merely guessed that it was the word he wanted. But I never do that. I never use a word unless I know what it means."

Is that true? Do you always know? Unusual words, unfamiliar words, you probably investigate. Before you use one of them you consult your dictionary. But what about the ordinary words, the common words of everyday speech, the familiar little creatures of the vocabulary that come flocking around you when you call? Do you know precisely what these little words mean; and when you pick one of them for a given use, do you pick, always, the right little word? Or do you just reach out and select one of the household pets of language—pick it up and use it because it looks something like the word you want?

Let us imagine some of your favorite words. Let us scrutinize first your verbs—just a little handful of them as samples. Let us consider these four: "make," "show," "give" and "have."

Your dictionary establishes that the specific meaning of the verb "to make" is "to cause to exist, to bring into being, to produce." Beyond this specific meaning the word ramifies into some fifteen acquired meanings; and each of these acquired meanings further ramifies into three or four subordinate meanings. Your dictionary reveals, also, that aligned with the word "make" there are no fewer than twenty-eight synonyms, and

Compel Your Words, Particularly Your Verbs, to Say Something, Advises This Authority on Diction and the Use of Words

that any one of the synonyms, for a given use, is a better verb, a more active verb, a verb more precise and specific than the original verb itself! Surprising, isn't it?

Equally surprising is the fact that with such an array of effective verbs at your elbow you will pick "make" when you mean "bring about," or "cause," or "compel" or "constitute" or "constrain" or "establish" or "execute" or "fashion" or "frame" or "manufacture" or "perform" or "require."

YOUR dictionary defines the verb "to show" as meaning "to cause or permit to be seen, to present to view, to exhibit, to expose." The word extends, by courtesy and by implication, into four other general meanings and it boasts whole paragraphs of synonyms that your dictionary displays under the headings of "Ostentation," "Pretense," "Sight" and "Spectacle."

Yet you write "show" when you mean "boast" or "detail" or "display" or "evince" or "explain" or "expose" or "expound" or "flourish" or "parade" or "reveal" or "specify."

Your dictionary defines the verb "to give" as meaning just this: "to bestow gratuitously."

Yet you write "give" when you mean "bequeath" or "communicate" or "concede" or "confer" or "deliver" or "donate" or "endow" or "furnish" or "impart" or "present" or "supply" or "surrender" or "utter" or "yield."

Your dictionary restricts the specific meaning of the verb "to have" to just this: "to hold as owner or possessor; to own; to possess."

Yet you write "have" when you mean "bear" or "bring forth" or "cause" or "comprise" or "contain" or "effect" or "embody" or "endure" or "enjoy" or "entertain" or "esteem" or "experience" or "feel" or "get" or "hold" or "permit" or "realize" or "receive" or "regard."

GENERIC words, such words as "make" and "show" and "give" and "have," lead you into verbosity, into circum-

locutions, into awkward constructions that grope about and fumble blindly at the thought. You write that somebody "made payment of" a bill when you mean that he *paid* the bill. You write that somebody "showed proof of" an argument when you mean that he *proved* his point. You write that somebody "gave expression to" something when you mean that he *said* something. You write that somebody "had an apprehension of" something when you mean that he *feared* something.

Be specific! Be specific for the sake of accuracy.

Be specific for the sake of your reader, for the sake of his comfort and convenience and understanding.

Be specific for the sake of force. Be specific to the end that you may convey your thought to the mind of the reader and impress it there vividly and indelibly.

Be specific! Compel your words, particularly your verbs, to say something. Keep your verbs in the active voice. A sagacious editor has said, "You can judge a writer by the way he manages his verbs." Make sure that every word you pick from your vocabulary, whether the word be a verb, noun, an adjective, an adverb or what not, is the right word.

"But," says the writer, "what is a man to do whose vocabulary is limited? How is a man to pick the right word when, perhaps, he doesn't know that the word exists?"

TRY this experiment: Open your desk-size dictionary to "A." Run down the columns on a hunt for useful words, effective words, specific words. Look first for verbs.

Halfway down the first page of the "A's" you encounter this one: "aban-

don." A little further on you meet "abate." Useful verbs, aren't they? Just ordinary words, too! Continue the search and you encounter these: achieve, abet, accentuate, accommodate, accrue, acquiesce, adjudge, administer, affirm, alienate, alight, allot, allude, amplify, amend, analyze, anticipate, apply, appraise, approximate, attribute, assign, assimilate, avert, avow.

How often, in your writing, do you use one of these?

A search under the other letters of the alphabet would reveal additional examples equally forceful.

NEXT, investigate the nouns. For the most part you will look for abstract nouns. Abstractions generally are difficult to identify and characterize with a single word. Starting with the "A's" in your dictionary, you find effective, clean-cut nouns like these:

Acceptance, acquiescence, alignment, artifice, aspect, asset, barrier, clientele, climax, code, commotion, controversy, colleague, collusion, compass, complexity, confluence, consequence, crisis, delusion, dilemma, discipline, duplicity, entity, equity, evolution, expedient, felony, fetish, formula, genus, hazard, identity, impetus, intrigue, liability, limitation, lucidity, machination, obstacle, overtire, pedigree, perspective, predicament, procedure, protege, proximity, recourse, routine, schedule, sequence, solution, species, spectacle, standard, status, strategy, subterfuge, surplus, symbol, valuation, vigilance, voucher.

Investigate, next, your dictionary's stock of modifiers. A single, well-chosen adjective or adverb often will replace a whole burdensome phrase or unwieldy clause. Our friend the

industrial engineer struggled through the verbal thicket of "no business concern of any size or complexity" in trying to say "no big, complex business concern," and, once clear of the first entanglement, plunged into a second, "in a short time and without a great deal of hard work," in striving

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Give Your Idea a Chance

EVERY manuscript, as Mr. Little pictures it, is something like a high-tension wire. Every imperfection in style, every fault, wastes precious energy—weakens the force of the writer's idea.

In this final of his series of six articles telling how to write for business magazines, Mr. Little urges the specific, and a tireless search for the one right word.

Mr. Little is an authority on diction and the use of words. He is at present editor of *Management Methods*, in New York. Formerly he edited *Business* magazine, published by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, by whose permission these articles appear in *The Quill*.

Newspapermen and the Pacific Asian —Crisis—

By UPTON CLOSE

NEVER has so much meaningless stuff been served to the American newspaper-reading public as the coverage given the Pacific Asian crisis since September 18, 1931. The reader's failure to make head or tail of the story and to see any progressive development therein has inspired in him his usual reaction—deep, dark suspicion that he is being propagandized and a conviction that the stories he does not understand are mutually contradictory.

According to Karl A. Bickel, president of the United Press, only Col. Lindbergh and the abduction and death of his baby have taken more space in the press of recent years than the Far Eastern crisis. Considering that this crisis is undoubtedly the turning point of America's history toward empire or toward isolation, the story deserves the space it has had.

To the journalist who is a student of his profession, nothing in journalistic history of recent years is more worth analysis than the way this story has been covered. The blame for the failure to make the Japanese-Chinese League of Nations - Secretary Stimson conflict live might be apportioned among the reading public, editors and publishers, and the correspondents themselves.

IN the first place, American newspaper readers have no backgrounds for news from Asia save isolated and sensational incidents. In the end, the blame for this must rest upon publishers, editors, and correspondents—just as responsibility for widespread ignorance in a country must, professionally speaking, rest upon its educators rather than upon the resistance to culture of the natural man.

Certainly Japan has been developing in a direct line, and China has evidenced certain trends long enough for a general conception of the evolution of these nations to have been implanted in the minds of intelligent Americans who read foreign news, but, as a matter of fact, it has been the tawdry fashion to represent events in Asia as occurring in no logical sequence whatever and as of interest purely for their own value in picturesqueness, ridiculousness, or terribleness. This enables the correspondent to save himself the trouble of learning anything about the political and social evolution of the country he is reporting, and conveniently

supplies him with an outlet for all the picturesque misinformation picked up around foreigners' clubs. And it removes from editors the worry of any consistent follow-up of events and saves publishers the need of spending cable tolls on anything but occasional box stuff.

After the days of Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee, a similar attitude took possession of American journalism in regard to the personalities and doings of our European cousins. It required the World War to jar us back into taking Europe seriously. The first three months of war journalism were, as all will remember, a nightmare. It took months for editors and readers to make sense out of the geographical names.

THE historic attitude of American journalism toward foreign news was taught me by Joseph Pierson, cable editor of the Chicago Tribune, on my return in 1922 from China, where I had been doing some work for the Tribune people.

"You think of course that you are very important—rushing to the cable offices with your stories of the latest Chinese revolution!" said he, shifting his cud and taking a long, relieving shot at the wastebasket.

"I am going to tell you just how important you are. To find out ourselves we dropped all Asiatic correspondents out of our columns for several days. I think we had three or four letters of protest from readers. We dropped Little Orphan Annie for three days. I think we received 50,000 letters. That will show you your relative importance. As a matter of fact, we don't use half the stuff our own correspondents cable in. We pay the tolls and sell it, if possible—the Los Angeles Times buys almost everything—but we ourselves

throw a lot of it in the wastebasket."

American journalism is no longer dominated by men of that outlook, but it has not yet recovered from them.

WE might first look at the problems confronting the correspondents in covering this crisis. The first thing they had to consider was the lack of background knowledge on the part of the reader and in many cases on the part of the correspondents themselves. The average American reader fails to distinguish even between the Japanese and Chinese—to him the Japanese is just another kind of Chinese, all of whom are incomprehensible; and an attack by Japan on China is no more significant to him than an opera bouffé war between Chinese generals. When terrible features force themselves upon his attention, he merely turns away in a self-righteous disgust and damns the whole yellow race, forgetting that he has been on occasion a participant in organized savagery. It is obvious that with this sort of mentality comprising the majority of the public, purely factual reports of military and political actions, and uninterpreted statements from leaders often intended to obscure the issue are, for the most part, an utter waste. Editors will probably reply that they expect the common run of readers to skip the foreign news anyhow, but, if so, why do they waste space on banner heads?

Obviously, a coverage of an entirely different and essentially interpretive nature is needed for the general public. The AP and UP are all right for the student or expert of Far Eastern affairs. He can fit the dispatches into the picture and maintain a fairly accurate idea of the evolution of the situation. Right here, I would like

to say for the benefit of the men in the field that—contrary to the general conception and suspicion—they have maintained a high standard of accuracy, but the public has not known what it was all about.

ONE might have looked to the Hearst services to supply such a coverage but, instead of trying to tell the reader what the war was about, they concentrated in telling what Floyd Gibbons was about, and only succeeded in disgusting their own readers and robbing Floyd of a great deal of prestige among his own fans.

Readers really wanted the story—they were already sold on Gibbons. Altogether too much energy was spent by the various services in trying to scoop one another on news of the capture of a mud fort or the movement of a sub-sub Chinese general. The height of absurdity was reached when Hearst began trying to scoop himself by sending out Karl

ganda from so-called factual reporting it would be worth taking the risk. My ideal for coverage of such a situation as the Far Eastern crisis would be a newspaper version something like the weekly coverage given by the magazine, *Time*, with the flippancy left out.

The absurdity of sticking to "factual reporting" as the only accurate and unbiased method was evidenced during the weeks when the correspondents were all huddled together in Mukden following the Japanese coup. Everything that came to them was supervised or affected by Japanese supervision. They had to live in a Japanese hotel and use Japanese telephones and wires. Everything they sent out was censored. Their beds were made by Japanese servants who reported every scrap of paper found on their desks or in their wastebaskets, and every evening they came in late. To these men the immediate story was simple enough: straightforward, undisguised conquest on the part of the Japanese forces. Yet they could not send out the story in this simple form without feeling that they were unjust to Japan, for the American reading public lacked sufficient background to understand the irritations and the internal pressure behind this ruthless Japanese move. So, in an attempt to be fair, they used to a degree the Japanese official explanations which

eventually led them into a maze of dissimulation in which they found themselves completely lost.

THE effect in the editorial rooms at home was amusing to the expert but utterly bewildering to the public. Such papers as the *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Times* were leading their readers on a path of increasing sympathy with the Japanese viewpoint and action until, suddenly, they discovered that the Japanese were quite thoroughly villains. The *volte-face* of the *New York Times* took place in the editorial columns contemporaneously with the discovery in big headlines by the hitherto chief depreciator of the Chinese, Hallett Abend, that the Japanese had taken Manchuria, and, to all appearances, intended to keep it! In the *Chicago Tribune* the change was indicated by the publication of a full-page photograph and indorsement of the *Tribune's* long-suffering Shanghai correspondent, J. B. Powell, whose dispatches up to this time had been pretty much buried under sophisticated indorsement of the Japanese use of might.

Coming to the editorial offices: universal was the editorial complaint that the daily dispatches from the Orient, meaningless though they were, so filled the columns of the reduced issues that it was impossible to make room for such interpretive material as might be

procured on this. There were no editors who had the courage to throw out cable stuff to make room for interpretation. The *New York Times*, *New York Herald Tribune* and a few others could engage interpretive writers and did try to summarize the headlines, but even they made no attempt at a consistent day-by-day interpretive unfolding of developments. An obstacle equal to the pressure for space was the publisher's fiat which had gone out to all editors to spend no
(Continued on
page 13)



von Wiegand in addition to Floyd Gibbons.

Of course the ever-present bugbear in an interpretive service is propaganda. The only way to insure against this is in the selection of men of great background and acquaintance and proved integrity. Since no one has yet succeeded in eliminating the danger of propa-

UPTON CLOSE, noted authority on Far Eastern affairs, treats plain-spokenly of the manner in which the American press handled the Japanese-Chinese situation in this article written exclusively for *The Quill*.

Mr. Close, whose real name is Josef Washington Hall, became a newspaper correspondent in the Orient in 1917, following his graduation in 1915 from George Washington University. He has lived and traveled in the Far East for most of the time since. He has acted as editor of the *Peking Gazette*, oldest existing newspaper. He was investigating officer for the United States Government in Shantung during the Japanese invasion 1916-1919.

He acted as adviser to Chinese students during the student revolution in 1919 and later as chief of foreign affairs under the dictator Gen. Wu Pei-fu. During the present Manchurian invasion he acted as an observer for the League of Nations.

His pseudonym, Upton Close, was born of his experiences in Shantung. To keep his identity secret, Hall signed his dispatches "Up Close." The signature was used as Upton Close, a pen name that he has adopted.

Mr. Close has written several books, among them "In the Land of the Laughing Buddha," "The Revolt of Asia," "Eminent Asians," and "The Feud of the Continents." He was co-author of "The Outline History of China." He has written numerous magazine articles, and appeared recently in *Cosmopolitan* and *Scribner's*.

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A Magazine for Writers, Editors and Publishers

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JUNE, 1932

OUT WITH THE RACKETEERS

RACKETEERING and unethical practices in newspaper work must be wiped out.

Revelations such as those made by former heavyweight champion Gene Tunney and Rep. La Guardia undoubtedly shake confidence in the press and its representatives. They give scenario writers, dramatists, critics of the press and others additional ground upon which to present the press in an unfavorable light.

Newspapermen and the profession of journalism were still smarting from the jab landed by Tunney—who charged that certain sports writers had received pay for giving him favorable publicity in their columns—when Rep. La Guardia stepped in and landed several even more severe blows.

The New York Congressman, appearing before the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency in connection with the committee's investigation of stock-market activities, charged that certain financial writers were paid to ballyhoo certain stocks. Names were given and cancelled checks presented to support the charges.

The disclosures made resulted in several resignations, statements of explanation, numerous editorials and a round of discussion that probably will last for some time to come.

It is to be regretted that conditions existed which made such disclosures possible. But, since the conditions did exist or had existed, they should have been exposed. Where rotten conditions exist in journalism, the spotlight should be turned on them just as it is turned on the evils of any other profession. Would that there were more La Guardias and men of like courage to do the exposing.

Newspapers and newspapermen have done good beyond measure in their exposure of corruption, their efforts in behalf of the public and their campaigns against evils and improper practices of all sorts.

But the Lingle affair, Tunney's charges and now La Guardia's accusations have shown that journalism's back

yard must be cleaned up along with other sore spots in this mottled world of today. We have confidence that the leaders of American journalism, press organizations and the journals of the profession will unite in a little back-yard cleaning all their own.

IT'S TIME FOR WAR!

AMERICA needs, as perhaps never before, a red-blooded, two-fisted, fighting, searching, intelligent journalism.

Nothing has brought this fact more squarely into the foreground than the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby and his brutal slaying.

A bewildered populace, shocked beyond measure, searches for leadership, for a way out of the maze of crime, corruption, dishonesty, insincerity and misery in which it finds itself. From the ranks come many questions. Is anyone or anything safe? Can no one be trusted? Are decency, honesty, respectability and ideals gone forever? Where will it all end? Is there anything that can be done?

War, and unrelenting war, must be waged against the criminal. Campaigns, continued and not spasmodic, must be carried on against waste, graft and extravagance in government. Relief work must be carried on for those who are victims of the depression.

All of this means a challenge, an opportunity, a duty and a terrific task for the American press and its representatives. They must, if they fulfill their obligations, carry on as never before, though faced with decreased revenues, undermanned staffs and internal problems such as those exposed by Rep. La Guardia.

It is a time for more than mirroring the events of the day, for more than reflecting the times and customs. It is a time for more than mere surface reporting. It is a time to dig for facts and all the facts. It is a time for the press to furnish leadership, guidance and counsel.

Certainly the tragedy that has befallen the Lindberghs, coming after months and years of other outrages, should bring a determined assault against all outlaws, racketeers and those of like stamp.

An organized, fighting press can precipitate such a war and cause it to be waged with brilliant success. May journalism rise to the occasion.

WHERE HONOR IS DUE

JOURNALISM, for one reason or another, has been slow to pay public tribute to the profession's leaders or to men in the ranks who perform their tasks unusually well. Meanwhile, men of other professions were given earned recognition in the nation's press.

No newspaperman wants to see a newspaper blatant in praise of itself or the men who make it. But the story behind the story or the manner in which the story was obtained is frequently much more interesting than the one that appears in type. Why not let the reader behind the scenes now and then. Perhaps he will appreciate his paper more.

Journalism Halls of Fame, the Pulitzer awards, other awards such as those made recently by Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, occasional stories of how reporters overcome obstacles in their newsgathering and other mention of journalistic achievement make good antidotes for some of the poisonous practices of the lurid element of the Fourth Estate.

Sigma Delta Chi Honors Six Newspapermen

IN recognition of their contributions to "the dignity and responsibility of the profession of journalism," six of the nation's outstanding newspapermen have been made recipients of the first annual honorary scholarship awards of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity.

The six men honored were: Paul Scott Mowrer, European director of the *Chicago Daily News* foreign service; Philip Hale, music and drama critic of the *Boston Herald*; Franklin P. Adams, columnist, the *New York Herald Tribune*; Alexander Dana Noyes, financial editor, the *New York Times*; Jay N. (Ding) Darling, cartoonist of the *Des Moines Register and Tribune* and the *New York Herald Tribune* Syndicate, and Casper S. Yost, editor of the editorial page of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

The awards were gold keys especially designed for the purpose. The recipients were announced by Charles E. Snyder, editor of the *Chicago Daily Drivers Journal*, and national president of Sigma Delta Chi.

The jury which selected the six men honored stated:

"In citing six living American representatives of the Press, it is the aim of Sigma Delta Chi to grant some special recognition to those who, by infusing their product with the spirit of sound scholarship, have added to the dignity and responsibility of the profession of journalism.

"And in thus recognizing the wisdom and achievement of these editors and writers, Sigma Delta Chi pays tribute to the publications that have given them opportunity for the full expression of their talents."

The individual citations accompanying the awards were:

Paul Scott Mowrer: "Conspicuous for the clarity, exactness and interest

of his dispatches; for his exemplary development of authoritative news sources, enabling him to anticipate significant events as well as to report them with distinction; commander of the confidence of statesmen and commoners, diplomats and militarists, scholars and aesthetes—of all with whom he comes in contact, including the public to whose service he is committed."

Philip Hale: "The most learned of American music critics, whose authoritative critiques and historical commentaries have been, for a generation, source material for students and writers in his field; a splendid influence alike upon the musical and journalistic worlds, and upon the stage, as a result of the depth of his scholarship and the catholicity of his taste, neither of which has been dulled by time."

Franklin P. Adams: "The highest type of columnist America yet has produced; a subtle and highly original humorist; a discriminating editor with a genius for cultivating talent in others; not merely a versifier, but a poet, whose odes have been acclaimed by rhetoricians and critics as worthy of Horace."

Alexander Dana Noyes: "An astute and unimpeachable journalist; learned in the broad field of economics; profound, but never turgid, in his analyses of business conditions; possessed of the respect and confidence of the greatest financiers and financial houses; a guide to all financial editors; a reporter whose daily commentaries have been dignified for forty years by confident use in the classrooms of colleges and universities."

Jay N. (Ding) Darling: "America's most popular and consistent cartoonist, whose drawings are weighted with the wisdom that comes of broad read-

ing, keen observation, and deep thinking; a genius in the utilization of humor in art for the achievement of serious ends; a competent and diverting reporter in word as well as in picture."

Casper S. Yost: "Occupant of a distinguished position in the newspaper world, whose cool and serene judgment long has been an aid in the solution of problems of municipality, state and nation; originator and first president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors; honored for his long commitment to the highest ideals of journalism, and his consistent contribution to its thoughtful expression."

The jury which selected the six men included: Marlen E. Pew, editor of *Editor & Publisher* and national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi; Fred Fuller Shedd, editor of the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors; Lee A. White, of the *Detroit News*, past president of Sigma Delta Chi; Bruce Bliven, editor of the *New Republic*; Henry J. Haskell, editor of the *Kansas City Star*, and William L. Mapel, director of the Lee School of Journalism, Washington and Lee University.

Coincident with the bestowal of the honorary awards upon the six men, the scholarship committee of the fraternity, comprising Prof. Mapel, chairman, Prof. Grant M. Hyde of the University of Wisconsin, and Dean H. F. Harrington of the Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University, announced the awarding of 120 scholarship certificates to seniors in various schools and departments where the fraternity has chapters. The awards are made annually on the basis of the records made by the students in general academic work during their four years in college.

Newspapermen and the Pacific Asian Crisis

(Continued from page 11)

money on outside stuff. The best feature syndicates futilely offered material which a few years ago would have been snapped up by every high-class paper in America.

THE Pacific Era has arrived in journalism as well as politics, commerce, and culture. Through such

flukes as the recent one, newspaperdom will adapt itself to the handling of an entirely new field. I asked Karl Bickel how soon he thought the American press would be ready to support interpreters of Asiatic developments such as they now do of European developments in the persons of Frank Simonds, Philip Simms,

and others. He said, "I should say as soon as the depression is over. The interest is already there."

It will probably take a full-fledged war, however, to crystallize it. Americans are a peace-loving people whose idea of a good show is a prize-fight or an inter-continental conflict.

THE BOOK BEAT

Conducted by MITCHELL V. CHARNLEY

The Low-down

JAKE LINGLE, by John Boettiger. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York. 1932. \$2.50.

Mr. Boettiger, Chicago *Tribune* reporter who covered the Lingle story from the time the flash on the killing reached the city desk until Leo Brothers was convicted of the crime and sentenced to 14 years, gives you a fascinating and amazingly complete low-down. You see not only the history of the murder and of the fiction-like investigation that followed it; you get also a picture of Chicago gangland that outdoes anything your imagination ever has painted.

The story, so detailed as to seem a stenographic report (in fact, it is just that for pages), remains a grand story in spite of all this detail. Never once, as I read it, did I find interest lagging. Rather I was more engrossed than I can remember having been in years by any fictional detective story—Van Dine, Hammett and others included. The blurb on the jacket of the book declares that frequently Mr. Boettiger's style reads like "a passage from Hemingway," and it doesn't exaggerate. The straightforward manner in which the reporter tells it—incidentally, an excellent example of excellent news-writing—is far more effective than the most fulsome "fine writing" could be.

One of the most interesting elements in the case is the newspaper warfare it brought on in Chicago. At first, as Mr. Boettiger shows, Chicago newspapers cooperated valiantly—three of them offered rewards totaling \$55,000, and they willingly suppressed stories that might have embarrassed Pat Roche and his investigators. But, as accusations of Lingle as a racketeer came out and as Harry T. Brundage of the St. Louis *Star* showed that Lingle wasn't the only Chicago newspaper man whose hands seemed to be dirty, the war opened. Other papers "obstructed" the investigation by publishing information the investigators wished hidden, Mr. Boettiger says, and openly charged the *Tribune* with hanging the crime on Brothers merely to procure a goat and end the search. . . . You wish that Mr. Boettiger had told you where Lingle's \$125,000 income came from, and that he had furnished a

motive; but the reason he does neither of these things, it seems, is simply that he doesn't know. Anyway, it's a grand story to read, and a most illuminating one.—M. V. C.

City Room Style

WHEN IN DOUBT, A Handbook of Newspaper Style and Practice, compiled and edited by William L. Mapel. The Virginian Publishing Company, Inc., Lexington, Va. 1931. \$1.

Most newspapers of any size or significance are edited in strict accordance with style books or style sheets prepared for the guidance of their staffs. To do otherwise would mean slipshod papers devoid of any semblance of uniformity or order.

In this compact and valuable volume of 67 pages, Prof. Mapel, who is director of the Lee School of Journalism at Washington and Lee University, presents a model style book as the result of his examination of the rules of nearly a hundred newspapers and half a dozen schools of journalism.

Rules for capitalization and abbreviation, the proper use of figures, quotation marks, punctuation, titles, spelling and compound words, bylines, datelines and sport forms are treated of in the handbook. In addition, Prof. Mapel has added a valuable chapter on headlines, another on the proper use of misused words and two sections on general newspaper practice that are packed with information. The book contains many pointers for both students and working newspapermen.—R. L. P.

Ray Long's Best

20 BEST SHORT STORIES IN RAY LONG'S 20 YEARS AS AN EDITOR. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, New York. 1932. \$3.00.

During the 20 years Ray Long served as editor for *Red Book* and the Eckstein group, then for *Cosmopolitan* and the Hearst group, he handled thousands of short stories. Here he has collected the 20 he likes best of the whole lot—not "greatest" stories, but his favorites from his editing experience.

Long leads off with concrete evi-

dence of how mistaken editors can be. Some manuscripts, he says, read better in manuscript than in type; and vice versa. And he tells a story to prove it.

There came to his desk one day a Hemingway yarn called "Fifty Grand," with the enthusiastic endorsement of W. D. Lengel, Hearst European representative. It left Long cold. He rejected it. So did *Scribner's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*. Finally the *Atlantic Monthly* bought it and ran it without change. Long read it in type and wired Hemingway for forgiveness "for the stupidest blunder" he had ever made as an editor.

"Fifty Grand" opens this new book. The book also includes Zona Gale's "Another Lady Bountiful," a short short story—Long started the short-short vogue in *Cosmopolitan*. The brevity worshiper will study this Gale yarn with avidity. And he'll enjoy the other 18 headlines—Hughes, Hurst, Tarkington, Butler, Kyne, Lardner, Curwood, Jack Boyle, Cobb, Ferber, Frank R. Adams, Terhune, Philip Gibbs, Royal Brown, Stallings, Parker, Stringer, Maugham. The book will show you, if it's necessary, why these names are big ones.—AL BATES.

New York as She Is

MANHATTAN SIDE-SHOW, by Konrad Bercovici. The Century Company, New York. 1931. \$5.00.

This Manhattan Side-Show is a show you or I would never see. It is a show we would all like to see, however, and Bercovici's eyes is just about the next best way of seeing it. It is a side-show of New York celebrities—artists, writers, singers, playwrights, players, movie stars, rich men, poor men—all celebrities.

Bercovici introduces you to Theodore Dreiser, big and conceited, sincere, kind and boyish. He tells you something about Mischa Elman, the violinist, whom you won't like because your interpreter doesn't like him. But you will enjoy and appreciate the artist's philosopher-father, because Bercovici does.

After you have read these delightful pictures of the Big City, you will feel, as does Bercovici, that you love it. Bercovici says that he would know a New Yorker anywhere. After Manhattan Side-Show, I believe I could pick one too. And I would use the author as my norm.—LAUREN K. SOTH.

WHEN THE TITANIC SANK!

(Continued from page 4)

delivered to me only after arrival in New York, not having been accepted for wireless transmission.

FROM the time of our first stopping within sight of the ice field, word had gone through the ship that our journey to the Mediterranean was not to be continued, that we would return to the nearest port. That might have been Halifax, but before our start, late in the morning, bulletins announced a return to New York.

On the deck now and then during the day, between talks with the rescued, I got distant glimpses of the icebergs. There was a burial at sea, that of an elderly man who had been one of the rescued. He had been in the water a considerable time and died of shock and exposure. That left the number of survivors at 705, and indicated that more than 1,500 persons had been lost—the number officially established later was 1517. The exact number lost could not be computed on board the *Carpathia*, for the reason that, while printed lists of the *Titanic's* first- and second-cabin passengers were available, there was no complete third-class list except the one kept in Southampton. Estimates of the third-class passengers made by members of the crew proved somewhat too high. They pointed to a figure of about 1,600 lost.

WHILE we did not get very near the icebergs, most attempts at photographing them being unsuccessful, we saw debris which showed that we were not far from the scene of the disaster. Deck chairs and other objects were to be seen on the surface, which still kept the calm of the night before. We saw at one point the Leyland liner *California*, which, as shown in official inquiries later, was much nearer to the scene of the disaster than the *Carpathia*, but did not respond in time to take part in the work of rescue.

The clear skies of the first day gave way, on the return voyage, to rain and fog which kept the foghorn blowing at such frequent intervals as to make conversation difficult. This affected the spirits of the rescued and bereaved.

By common consent, the *Carpathia's* passengers opened their rooms to the newcomers. In my stateroom, a little boy, just sick enough to keep very quiet, was placed. He was one of the two French children who had

been put in lifeboats by other passengers, while their father, who did not succeed in getting into the boat, was drowned.

The other boy, who was well but not boisterous, was with his brother a part of the time, but slept in another stateroom. Both received much attention from the women of our passenger list, though even those who spoke French could get no information from them. My wife and I had left two children of the same age at home, so that little sick boy could not have found a place where he would have been more welcome. The two waifs of mystery, it was found later, had been taken by their father from their mother, a Mme. Navratil of Nice, who came to New York and took them home.

I had made an early requisition on the ship's little store for tablet paper and pencils and was accumulating a mass of notes. It seemed to me that, beside and ahead of the individual experiences of the survivors, the story of the disaster itself should be told. The endeavor to fit such a story together showed how fragmentary was the knowledge of individuals. One would mention an incident which could be confirmed or completed only by another. In the search for the other, new suggestions and new complications would arise. The job would have taxed the energy and resources of a dozen reporters.

An instance of this difficulty was the incident, still remembered, of the playing of hymn music by the English musicians in the sinking ship's orchestra. Several persons told of having heard this music from their boats, but, because of distracting noises, they could not be sure what the melody was. Two women, who professed familiarity with sacred music, said it was "Nearer My God, to Thee." This statement appeared in my report and gained general currency. The *New York Times* later obtained a book of music said to be a duplicate of the one which the *Titanic's* orchestra had. It did not contain the tune "Bethany," to which the hymn already named is sung, but it did contain the hymn tune "Autumn," which, though in different meter, is much like "Bethany." The *Times* concluded that "Autumn" was the number played.

WITH guests in my stateroom, and with all public parts of the ship crowded, I found night the most

feasible time for writing. All had to be done in longhand. My wife checked the list of survivors with the first- and second-cabin passenger lists of the *Titanic*, to prepare a list of the unreported—this being, as we then supposed and as was soon shown, synonymous with "lost." Quest of the photographs made by a few of our passengers took much time, and those obtained proved to be useless, because of light conditions.

Sailors, who had taken charge of the lifeboats, were disposed to seek pay for their stories. I paid one, who by common account had more to tell than the others of occurrences at the front of the ship before and immediately after the crash. Such stories were the nearest that could be had to an official account, for the *Titanic's* surviving officers brusquely refused to talk. The head of the White Star line, Bruce Ismay, was inaccessible. So much mystery was preserved about Ismay's movements that stories were circulated that the lost Capt. Smith was also secreted in a forward cabin. The *Titanic's* wireless operator, Bride, a hero of the rescue, was kept from questioners by a guard of sailors.

We knew that New York would be reached Thursday afternoon or evening. The *Carpathia*, making 13 knots an hour, was taking us in with the story for which the world was waiting. Continued attempts to get use of the wireless, all of which were futile, took much time and nerve force. Most of Wednesday night was spent in longhand writing and revision of copy.

AS we neared Sandy Hook late Thursday afternoon, fellow passengers helped me to make a bundle of my copy, to be given to the expected emissary of the *World*, who, I hoped, would be admitted to the ship there. Knowing that the matter might have to be tossed over the ship's side, others advised me to attach some sort of buoy or ballast, as the bundle might fall in the water. A cigar box, the only thing at hand, was fastened to the bundle by a cord.

The expected tugs were at Sandy Hook. They were from all the papers. I was in the ship's hold as the lower doors were opened but no one from the approaching tugs was permitted to come on board, or to come within a distance at which the *World* representatives could have taken my

(Continued on page 17)

AFTER DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

FEW men have been able to contribute so much to journalism in their lifetime as has Prof. Osman C. Hooper, connected with the School of Journalism at the Ohio State University since 1918 and recently made professor emeritus.

Identified with Ohio journalism for more than 50 years as an editor, publisher, teacher and exponent of the highest type of newspaper work, he has made long enduring imprints on the journalism of his state and nation. And his work is far from finished. He faces busy years ahead with the same calmness, amiability and confidence that have marked his work thus far.

Prof. Hooper will continue to edit *The Ohio Newspaper*, a magazine for the profession published monthly during the school year by the journalism school. He also will continue to supervise the Ohio Journalism Hall of Fame which he founded in 1928. Still more important, he plans to complete a history of Ohio journalism, a task on which he has been engaged for several years. No one is better fitted than he to do this work. The results of his research and interpretation will make a contribution to Ohio history and journalism as a whole of immense value.

He also will continue his work as literary editor of the Columbus, O., *Dispatch*, a paper with which he has been associated for many years.

Prof. Hooper was graduated from Denison University, of which he has been a trustee, in 1879. From 1880 to 1886 he was associate editor of the *Dispatch*. From the latter year to 1917, he was editor and part owner of the *Columbus News*. For the next 24 years he was an editorial writer for the *Dispatch*, becoming literary editor also in 1917.

He wrote a history of Columbus, O., also the third volume of the official history of the Ohio State University, and several books of verse.

The news of his being made professor emeritus brought both pleasure and regret to me—pleasure that he would be relieved of routine work and would have time henceforth for

other things, such as the completion of his history of Ohio journalism, and regret that the classes of the future at Ohio State would not have the pleasure of meeting with him, of enjoying his friendship, his counsel and his instruction.

For it was my good fortune to have been numbered among those hundreds who sat in classes under him—classes where he stressed both the practical and idealistic sides of journalism, classes where the objective of service in journalism was impressed upon us continually.

We are scattered now, some with papers of their own, some in other lands doing newspaper or magazine work, some in radio's domain, some in press association work and others of us filling positions of varying importance in newspaper and magazine offices at widely separated points.

But, if all of us who had the opportunity to meet with him carried off but a fraction of that which he sought to impart, we are the better for it. Whatever degree of success any of us may attain, he shares with us.

Journalism needs more men like him. The examples, the accomplishments, the counsel and guidance of men like Prof. Hooper go far toward offsetting the racketeering and unethical practices that open journalism to censure in these times.

Make Your Words Count

(Continued from page 9)

to say "quickly and easily." A discriminating adjective or a felicitous adverb will sharpen an outline and color an image.

JUST the most casual sort of search through your dictionary brings to light such effective modifiers as these: acute, adequate, arbitrary, compact, composite, concave, conventional, convex, disconcerting, ductile, dynamic, excessive, finical, fraudulent, furtive, futile, homogeneous, impending, inert, inevitable, ingenious, ingenuous, intact, interchangeable,

lucid, methodical, mobile, obscure, obtuse, obvious, orthodox, peremptory, plastic, potent, profound, random, reversible, subordinate, valid, vapid, vehement, vital.

Your vocabulary is a structure of your own creation. For your vocabulary you alone are responsible. Yours it is to develop, to extend, to strengthen, to amplify, to ramify, to enrich. Every word in the language is yours for the asking. Yours is the privilege and the pleasure—and the responsibility—to encounter a good word, a meaty word, and to pounce upon that word and take it for your own.

Under the reading lamp of an evening, browsing through some glade of literature, you may find your author unusually skilful in phrasing complex ideas. Interested, you study his diction. Here and there, on every page almost, you find a word that you may appropriate from him—a word that you may draft into your own writing service. Thus you come to watch all diction, ever with a covetous eye, and thus you find word-hunting a fascinating sport.

BY consulting his dictionary, by inspecting synonyms and analyzing them, the careful writer selects words that convey the exact shades of meanings he intends—words that designate, that denote those meanings. Simultaneously, by consulting his sense of word-feeling, by invoking his imagination, by visualizing images in his mind, he selects words that color his thought, words that conjure pictures, words that associate related ideas and so connote something more than meets the ear.

Stevenson, describing Citadel Hill in Edinburgh, wrote that "the roofs and spires of the Old Town climb one upon the other to where the citadel prints its broad bulk and jagged crown of bastions on the western sky," and that, in the twilight, "the drums and bugles begin to recall the scattered garrison; the air thrills with the sound; the bugles sing aloud; and the last rising flourish mounts and melts into the darkness like a star, a martial swan-song, fitly rounding in the labors of the day."

Stevenson invoked his imagination. Out of the inanimate roofs and spires and citadel, out of the drums and bugles, out of the sounds, out of the very atmosphere itself, he created living characters that move and act and feel. Out of a picture he wrought a drama. How? By his choice of words, by his diction.

WHEN THE TITANIC SANK!

(Continued from page 15)

bundle. Our stop was for only a few minutes. In the maneuvering as the ship started, I caught sight of the *World's* tug, in charge of Charles E. Chapin, city editor of the *Evening World*.

As I got back to the upper deck, my name was being called through megaphones. Not only the *World*, but the others, called for me in tones suggesting the summons of judgment day. I called back from the ship's rail and waved my bundle at the tug bearing the *World* banner as the *Carpathia* moved away in the growing dusk. Before the liner could get up its not excessive speed, the *World* tug had come alongside. Chapin's arms were extended. I threw my bundle over. The unlucky ballast cord passed over the supporting rope of one of the *Titanic's* lifeboats, projecting from the *Carpathia's* next deck level, and the bundle hung balanced, far out of my reach.

A sailor on the lower deck reached out, took the bundle and hesitated. "Throw it!" cried a dozen persons. The sailor tossed the bundle to Chapin. With an acknowledging toot of the tug's whistle, the little craft churned off for the Battery as the *Carpathia* continued toward the Cunard pier on Fourteenth Street. For once, we were to land without customs inspection. The *Carpathia's* passengers had been nowhere, the *Titanic* survivors had nothing.

The projecting lifeboats of the *Titanic* delayed the *Carpathia* in getting to its pier, and it was 9:00 o'clock before our shipload of tourists and

refugees moved down the gangplanks, through the Cunard pier and to the densely thronged, but startlingly silent, spaces of Fourteenth Street. It was a night, and a scene, long remembered in New York.

AS we reached the nearest "L" station, newsboys were selling the *Evening World* extra, with a hasty but effective condensation of my story. The story appeared in Friday morning's *World* and in Associated Press papers throughout the country. The *Post-Dispatch*, with an hour's advantage in time, issued a night extra and carried the full story Friday.

At the *World* office, that Thursday night, I was informed of the award of a \$1,000 bonus and was told to add three weeks to my vacation. Eight days of this time were consumed by the return to New York, from which we sailed again Friday afternoon.

Through May and June, the Continental papers told of the official inquiries into the *Titanic* disaster. Returning to Boston in mid-July, we found the *Titanic* still first-page news. The official inquiries cleared various points, and affected some reputations. The complete story of the *Titanic* disaster, however, was and is as impossible to tell as the complete story of Waterloo or of Gettysburg. Three years later, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, with somewhat less loss of life, became a crowning horror of the war and replaced the *Titanic* in the public mind. To this day, the two lost ships are confused by many.

BLACK SHEEP AND BULLS

(Continued from page 5)

utter lack of organization and uniform ethical standards.

There is no semblance of an American Bar Association or American Medical Association among you. As the molders of American public opinion you have done nothing to accept as a social unit your responsibility to that end. You have drifted along without sanctions and without fixed standards until you find in your ranks scoundrels who rank with the lowest of the human family. Your black sheep put you in disrepute until public figures cry out against you and the Senate of the United States delves into your misdeeds. Just as it is idle to dispute, the truth of Gene Tunney's accusations, so it is idle to deny the indictment that stares at you from

cancelled checks. I know personally that these things are true and you know it too.

So there you are. You probably will heap unwarranted abuse on La Guardia because he told the truth (though I must admit that you seem very fair to date), while you should hail him as a prophet who has at last shown you to be worse than you would believe you could have been. You really are at the crossroads. You have a staggering public trust. You are in a fair way to undermine the confidence of the public in your journals. It is my humble opinion that some bold stroke for ethical sanctions at this time would be a magnificent gesture of both professional and national benefit beyond compute.

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WHO «» WHAT «» WHERE

More than one hundred persons, including Indianapolis newspaper men and members of the active chapters of Sigma Delta Chi in four Indiana colleges, attended the annual Founders' Day banquet of the Indianapolis alumni association April 14. The principal address was by CHARLES E. SNYDER, national president of the fraternity, and editor of the *Chicago Daily Drivers Journal*. EUGENE PULLIAM, Lebanon, owner of a chain of newspapers in Indiana, Oklahoma and Florida, and LEROY H. MILLIKAN, Indianapolis, of the state board of charities, who were among the founders of Sigma Delta Chi at DePauw University, were present. Officers elected were EUGENE J. CADOU of the International News Service, president; RUSSELL E. CAMPBELL of the *Indianapolis Star*, vice-president; ORIEN W. FIFER, Jr., of the *Indianapolis News*, secretary, and PROF. J. DOUGLAS PERRY, acting head of the journalism department at Butler University, treasurer.

DEAN CARL ACKERMAN (Columbia Associate), of the Columbia School of Journalism; PROF. F. FRASER BOND (Columbia '21); JOHN E. STEMPEL (Indiana '23), national secretary of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, and FRANK R. KELLEY (Columbia '32) were among the newspapermen who spoke before the convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association which brought 1,500 high-school editors and business managers of school papers to New York.

RICHARD CRANDELL (Montana), formerly assistant city editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, has been made picture editor of that paper.

DAVE SENTNER (Columbia) was credited with some excellent work from the field for International News Service in the covering of the Lindbergh baby kidnaping.

CLARK WALES (Northwestern '30) is now on the copy desk of the *Memphis (Tenn.) Commercial-Appeal*.

EARL MULLIN (Northwestern '30) is covering labor news for the *Chicago Tribune*.

CHARLES STONBERG (Illinois '29) attended the annual Farm and Home Week at the University of Illinois as a representative of the National Committee of Boys and Girls Club Work.

Five past presidents of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, were the guests of honor at the annual Past Presidents' banquet of the Detroit alumni chapter of the fraternity held last April at the Scarab Club. They were: LEE A. WHITE, of the *Detroit News*; GEORGE F. PIERROT, managing editor, the *American Boy* magazine; ROBERT B. TARR, the *Pontiac Press*; DONALD H. CLARK, publisher, the *Mid-Continent Banker* and associated publications; and FRANKLIN M. RECK, assistant managing editor, the *American Boy*. UPTON CLOSE, authority on affairs of the Far East, who is widely known for his newspaper and magazine work, his books and lectures, was the principal speaker of the evening, his remarks dealing confidentially with the background of the Chinese-Japanese difficulties. LAURIE YORK ERSKINE, novelist and short-story writer, treated humorously of topics of the day. More than 30 newspaper, magazine and advertising men attended the banquet. ALBERT W. BATES, of Chicago, executive secretary of the fraternity, represented national headquarters. PROF. WILLIAM L. MAPEL, director, the Lee School of Journalism at Washington and Lee University, acted as toastmaster. Prof. Mapel is now on leave with the *American Boy*.

J. L. MORRILL (Ohio State '13) recently was appointed vice-president of Ohio State University by the board of trustees upon the recommendation of President George W. Rightmire. Four years ago, Morrill was named junior dean of the College of Education at the University. He served as alumni secretary from 1919 to the time of his appointment as junior dean. Between 1913 and 1919 he was engaged in newspaper work. For four years he was political and legislative correspondent for the then Scripps-McRae League and the *Cleveland Press*. During the war, he was loaned to the Federal Food Administration in Ohio as executive secretary. In 1919, he was city editor of the *Cleveland Press*.

JOSEPH B. COWAN (Missouri '29), three years instructor of journalism at Texas Christian University, Fort Worth, has been promoted to assistant professor in the department of journalism headed by J. WILLARD RIDINGS (Missouri B. J. '25 and M. A. '28).

LLEWELLYN WHITE (Kansas '23), who returned recently from Paris, where he had been on the staff of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* and also free-lancing for a time, is now with the Associated Press in New York City.

MILES VAUGHN (Kansas '15) is still in the thick of the Chinese-Japanese trouble. Vaughn has been manager in the Orient for the United Press since 1925. Before that time he served in various foreign posts in Brazil and Latin America.

JOHN B. FULLEN (Ohio State '25) as secretary of the Ohio State University Association edits the *Ohio State University Monthly*.

STANLEY ORNE (Washington '22) has left the *Newark (N. J.) Star* to join the editorial staff of the *Wall Street Journal*, New York City.

JOHN DRIESKE (Northwestern '29) formerly of the *Chicago Tribune* staff, is now covering municipal courts for the *Detroit Mirror*.

More than 150 persons attended the first All-Iowa Sigma Delta Chi Founders' Day Celebration held April 19 at Des Moines, Iowa, under the auspices of the Des Moines alumni of the fraternity in cooperation with the active chapters at Drake, Iowa State, Grinnell and the University of Iowa.

JAY N. (DING) DARLING, cartoonist, was the principal speaker. Other speakers were: DON L. BERRY, president of the Iowa Press Association and publisher of the *Indianola Record*; the heads of the four journalism schools of the state, DR. FRANK LUTHER MOTT, of the University of Iowa; EMERY H. RUBY, of Drake University; H. M. COLBERT, of Grinnell College, and BLAIR CONVERSE, of Iowa State College; DR. JOHN NOLLEN, president of Grinnell; DR. D. W. MOREHOUSE, president of Drake, and ALBERT W. BATES, of Chicago, executive secretary of the fraternity. W. E. DRIPS, assistant editor of *Wallace's Farmer and Iowa Homestead*, and president of the Des Moines alumni group, presided as toastmaster.

A resolution was adopted at the meeting expressing the belief that Sigma Delta Chi should continue to expand its alumni activities to the point where the fraternity would become generally known as the official ethical organization of the journalistic profession, and also that the national organization of the fraternity should be petitioned to consider the appointment of national and state committees to which all criticisms of the press, both written and oral, should be submitted for consideration and report.

WILLIAM H. MYLANDER (Ohio State '24) is on the rewrite desk of the *Toledo (O.) Blade*.

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